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Courtesy John Levy

THE MIRROR. BY SIR LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.



Roman Flora to Her Mirror

BY EDNA WORTHLEY UNDERWOOD

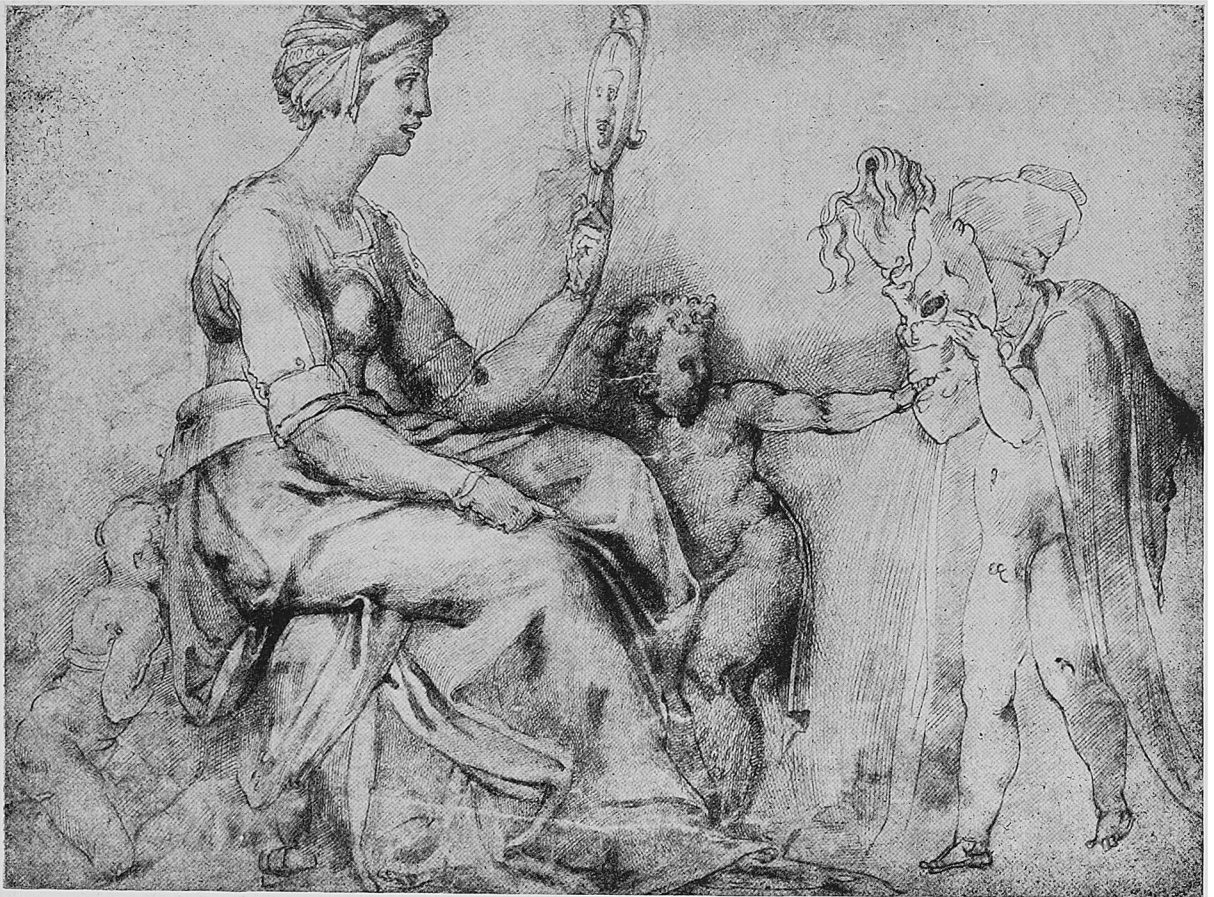
Mirror, I've no need of thee
Changed from what I used to be,
And I would not see again
Cause of pleasure turned to pain.
No more canst thou show to me
That which made my joy in thee.
Roman Flora growing old!
Now the Cæsar's powdered gold
Gives not to my hair the light
Lycon loved in death's despite.
Ah! to me murmuring he would lean—
"Chrysis should thy name have been!"

Flora, too, the flow'r-faced one!
Not Arabian cinnamon
Mixed with crimson Massic wine
Brings back pearl-pink cheeks of mine.
Mirror, O! the grief of it!
Yet on thy back my fate was writ.
There a Greek with scorn discreet
Carved a nymph of flying feet,
Beneath petaled rose-leaf rain
And—" *Flower-time comes not back again.*"

Mirror, how I envy thee!
Reflecting, yet from soilure free!
If like thee life had been made
I'd not been thus sore dismayed.
Every joy has left a trace.

In the lines upon my face,
All my living is shown there,
Pleasures making me less fair;
Beauty this with which I pay
Makes me poorer day by day,
Helpless must I watch it all
Fade away beyond recall.

Mirror, I've no need of thee!
What I am I would not see!
I will bury thee to-night
Lest thou know a less delight
Than to picture, ah once thine!—
Roman Flora's youth divine!



THE MIRROR. FROM A DRAWING BY MICHAEL ANGELO

Uffizi Gallery